

# AS SEEN BY A WASHINGTON WOMAN

## WHERE CHARITY BEGINS.

If you heard of a country off in darkest Africa or in the wild interior of China or down beyond the jungles of South America where three-fifths of the babies die before they are five years old, wouldn't you feel like opening your purse or getting out your check book to do your share to bring the light of modern science to these unfortunate folk? Wouldn't you thank your Guardian Angel, too, that you lived in an enlightened country, a country where baby lives are conserved, where medicine and hygiene have made any baby mortality of this sort impossible?

Probably you would. Surely unless you have seen the booklet just sent out by Mr. Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, on the cover of which appear these appealing words: "Save the Indian Babies." From this book you can learn for yourself that this alarming death rate exists right in our own country among the Indians, the people, if any, to whom we owe our greatest and most careful assistance.

One of the saddest phases of present day American life is the gradual decrease of the race of Redmen, who are the only true Americans. And this falling off is due very largely to the appalling infant mortality. Yet exactly the same conditions tend to Indian baby's chances of life as do our own white babies. Fresh air, sunshine, proper feeding and care have the same effect on little Indians that they do on babies the world over.

Commissioner Sells realizes this and it is his determination to bring about conditions among the Indians that will produce these results, which in his opinion are of even greater importance than the educational work upon which heretofore our government has spent by far the greater share of attention.

Dispatches from Western cities tell us that the grip epidemic has demoralized many business enterprises.

where sometimes as many as a third of the working staff are incapacitated at a time, owing to the distressing malady. In Washington one hears complaints from society women—every day more numerous as the days of the epidemic continue. "I can never be sure of a dinner list till the last minute," complained one hostess, "for so many people have been stricken with the grip at the last minute. One meets wives without their husbands and husbands without wives nowadays. 'Seldom is a whole family in condition at once. And guests of honor have a way of not appearing. Even debutantes, who are usually most unwilling to disappoint a hostess, are on the sick list. It has really had a very depressing effect on all affairs since the holidays. The only pleasant thing that one can say about it is that the malady is more troublesome than it is dangerous, and a victim of today is quite apt to be on the well list in a day or so."

## HOROSCOPE.

"The stars incline, but do not compel."

Saturday, January 15, 1916.

Today Saturn and Mars are in malefic aspect, while Neptune exercises a kindly influence.

It should be a lucky time for sending out vessels bearing food or staple exports, but there is a threatening sign for munitions of war or supplies for belligerents.

Speculators should be careful in deals involving iron, steel, copper and other metals, while this configuration prevails.

Excavations, tunnels and mines come under a sinister rule when Saturn has evil power. Those who are interested in such work or owners of ground should be cautious.

Arizona and other western states near Mexico have the promise of gain within the year.

California is subject to a government of the stars indicating extremes of good and ill-fortune. The state will welcome many tourists. It will be the center of interest later in the year, owing to sensational incidents.

A catastrophe that will horrify the country, long prophesied for New York City, is likely to take place there within the next few months.

Public men in the United States are forewarned of danger of assassination or bodily injury.

Again it is prognosticated that an American clergyman will produce a sensation, which will be unpleasant.

International fame as a new literary center is foretold for the United States, which will gain recognition because of a celebration or some other national enterprise.

Texas has a sway that is believed to give promise of prosperity, but its coastline should be protected, the seers declare.

Women have a direction of the planets, which is said to preface initiative in public affairs. One not yet known to fame will attain high place before a year has passed.

Scandals in society are foretold. Florida and Colorado have sinister indications.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the promise of an unsettled year. They should concentrate on business affairs.

Children born on this day may be stubborn and aggressive. They probably will have many changes of fortune. Girls have the forecast of happy marriage, although the husband may be quick-tempered.

(Copyright, 1914.)

## PRACTICAL HEALTH TALKS

Dr. Whitney's popular articles on health and beauty subjects in several leading magazines have been attracting marked attention for a number of years. No other writer on similar topics is better equipped for the work, for Dr. Whitney has established an enviable reputation as a specialist and is endowed with the ability to make herself easily understood by her readers. She will answer all letters relating to her department as promptly as possible. All letters should be accompanied by a stamped envelope and should be addressed one of this paper.

Train the Child to Take Care of Its Body.

(Copyright, 1914.)

Nothing braces up a child so much as a daily bath and rubdown. Take the various movements that must necessarily be gone through in the act of bathing and the subsequent activity in rubbing the body down with a Turkish towel and you will see that every muscle and joint is brought into play. First, scrubbing the skin (each child must be made to do this himself) brings the blood to the surface, makes it smooth and firm and cleanses it of all impurities. The heightening of the breathing exercises the lungs and heart and sends the blood coursing through the tissues. It is in rubbing down the body, however, that absolute freedom of motion can be fully secured, and children should be taught the pleasure of this and the joy that accompanies the tingling sensation of putting the entire body in a glow. Now for the particular forms of exercises that can be gotten out of so simple a procedure as rubbing down with a Turkish towel. The towel is stretched in both hands and used as a dumbbell or flesh might be. It is drawn over the head in rapid strokes that bring the blood to the surface; whether standing erect or stooping, the body must be bent correctly, with the thought constantly in the mind of the child that is being done and the health that is secured.

When drying the child the arms should be held out and slightly back, thus stretching the shoulder muscles and expanding the chest. For the back of the chest, throw one end of the towel over the left hip and the other over the right hip, and rapidly draw the towel back and forth.

For the entire back and spine, hold the head slightly to one side and draw the towel diagonally across from shoulder to

hip, then straight across from side to side, away from the body backward as far as possible from the waistline, thus stretching muscles that are otherwise used into action.

Children who are taught this from their earliest years develop beautifully straight, graceful backs, and in girls especially the ease and grace of motion thus acquired are particularly desirable and attractive.

In drying the lower limbs, the shoulders must be held straight, with the chest out and the body lowered from the hips only, the motion of drawing the body up and down being similar to that of pulling weights that are stationary upon the floor. Twisting the flesh upon both upper and lower limbs with a circular movement of the underlying bone not only removes all dry and dead skin, but subjects the muscles to countable pressure and so hurries along the circulation and keeps them constantly bathed in pure, fresh blood.

The feet should be raised from the floor one at a time, doubling up the lower leg upon the upper, and the towel run well around, and under the foot and ankle and over the top of the foot, drawing the foot. This in itself is quite a "feet" to perform, and teaches a child, beside the immediate results for which we are aiming, form, accuracy, deftness and balance. A bar or a cane can be used for the various movements, but the Turkish towel and rubdown are better.

Answers to Queries.

Housework—Here is lotion to keep the hands in good condition. Rosewater, 6 ounces; glycerin, 1-2 ounce; borax, 1 dram; tincture of benzoin, 1 dram.

HISTORY BUILDERS.

Two Famous Election Forecasts.

By Dr. E. J. EDWARDS.

The late Colonel George Bliss, who served with Chester A. Arthur—afterward President of the United States—upon the staff of Governor E. D. Morgan, of New York, in civil war days, was esteemed the ablest forecaster of the results of the election among all the Republican politicians of his State. Several times his forecasts, at least of the vote in New York City, were within two or three hundred of the figures reported after the ballots were counted.

I once asked Colonel Bliss if he had any special method by which he was able to make these forecasts. He said that he took the registration figures, ward by ward, and district by district, and also gained information respecting changes in the population of any district since the previous election.

"At that time," said Colonel Bliss, "party lines were very rigidly drawn. For that reason, with registration figures as a basis and with thorough knowledge of the election districts, it was not difficult to work out an answer to the problem involved in the question—What is the actual vote going to be? I discovered that we could rely confidently upon a certain average percentage of falling off in the vote from the registration figures.

"But when you ask me about campaign managers who have been able accurately to forecast results I can tell you that the two men, one Republican and one Democrat, who had a really marvelous ability for forecasting the net results of the election were James G. Blaine—who was for years the chairman of the Republican State committee of Maine—and Samuel J. Tilden, who was for some years chairman of the Democratic State committee of New York. The difference between Blaine and Tilden, however, lay in the fact that Maine is a small State in population as compared to New York. It was said of Blaine that he knew personally almost every Republican in Maine. For that reason he was able to make very careful and complete canvasses, and these showed him what the Republican vote, or at least the minimum Republican vote, was sure to be. When greenback and labor factions prevailed in Maine Blaine was at a loss.

Tilden, however, had the State of New York with its large population as a field for his estimates. At times I thought there was something uncanny almost in Tilden's canvasses of the vote in New York State. He seemed almost to rely upon intuition, but as a matter of fact he did not. He was the greatest master of canvassing so that every voter could be placed this country has ever seen. It was ability of that kind which partly accounts for the prominence Tilden secured in the Democratic party as a political manager. His friends said he never took anything for granted. By the way, Tilden would have been one of the greatest masters of mathematics the United States has produced if he had chosen it as a profession."

(Copyright, 1914, by E. J. Edwards. All rights reserved.)

Tomorrow Dr. Edwards will tell of "A Hardworking Octomomian Statesman."

## HOUSEWIVES DAILY ECONOMY CALENDAR

By FRANCES MARSHALL.

### GLOVE HINTS.

Nowadays washable gloves have been so highly perfected that almost all of us wear them.

There are many good kinds of washable gloves—chamois and doeklin, fabric and wash dress kid.

The first hint toward gaining economy in wash gloves concerns their washing. They must be washed according to directions. Each sort needs a different treatment. Sometimes directions printed on a slip of paper come inside the gloves. If they do they should be carefully read and heeded.

For chamois gloves soapy water that is just warm enough not to be chilly should be used. The gloves should be thoroughly washed in it and then wrung softly in the hands, then rinsed in a second lukewarm soapy water. The same method should be used for doeklin. For washable dress kid gloves water that is almost cold should be used, with pure soap, and then clear rinsing water.

A good way to wash dress kid gloves is to put them on the hands and wash them with a soft cloth or nail brush. All dirt can be removed in this way.

This year, when long sleeves are in fashion, we don't need so many pairs of long white gloves as we have needed for several years.

One woman with an economical turn of mind who needed many pairs of short white kid gloves, cut off her long gloves above the wrist, turned them in and used them for machine sewing.

One of the troubles about chamois and doeklin gloves is that the snaps pull out, often of almost new gloves. If this happens the gloves seem quite useless. One way to make them useful again is to pull the snaps out entirely, to buttonhole the hole left on one side as neatly as possible, to pull the other one together or put a piece of cloth under it, and to fasten a button there—a pair of buttoned gloves results.

(Copyright, 1914.)

### TOMORROW'S MENU.

"The men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper."—Shakespeare.

#### BREAKFAST.

Cereal and Cream

Baked Omelet

Parfait and Rolls

Coffee

#### DINNER.

Consommé

Roast Beef

Stuffed Potato

Baked Omelet

Orange and Grapefruit Salad

Chocolate Ice Cream

#### SUPPER.

Older Egg Nog

Let's See Sandwiches

Baked Bean Sandwiches

Chocolate Cake

Sliced Oranges

Bacon omelet—Broil slices of bacon crisp. Cut into small squares. Make and cook an omelet and just before it is ready to fold sprinkle in the bacon.

Orange and grapefruit salad—Free segments of grapefruit and orange from all skin and seeds. Arrange on a leaf of lettuce on each plate first a segment of orange, then one of grapefruit, then a shred of green pepper. Top with a spoonful of mayonnaise.

Older egg nog—Whip the white of an egg and add the yolk, beaten creamy, and then a glass of cider. Sweeten slightly and sprinkle with a little nutmeg on top. This is the recipe for each glass, and the nog should be served in tall iced tea glasses.

## DAILY FASHION HINT



### SKIRTS AND WAISTS FOR SKATING.

Although one sees charming sweaters and jackets worn by fair skaters, the skirts and waists that they wear when the outer garments are doffed are equally interesting. With the black velvet skirt to the left is worn a lovely shirtwaist in rose colored satin chine, trimmed simply with large buttons of its own material. There is a deep indented yoke, and the sleeves are finished with cuffs which are sewn with many buttons. Four yards 40-inch velvet for the skirt and 2 1/2 yards 36-inch silk for the skirt are required.

Striped cloth or serge—the bolder the stripe the better—makes the stunning skirt to the right. The pockets are of plain silk and would do well to correspond with the shirt waist. Bands of fur finish the sleeves of the waist and form the high collar. Four yards 40-inch material make the skirt, while 2 1/2 yards 36-inch silk are required for the waist.

First Model: Pictorial Review Waist No. 6492. Sizes, 34 to 44 inches bust. Skirt No. 6490. Sizes, 22 to 40 inches waist. Price, 15 cents.

Second Model: Waist No. 6489. Sizes, 34 to 40 inches waist. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 6500. Sizes, 22 to 36 inches waist. Price, 15 cents.

Pictorial Review Patterns on Sale at S. KANN, SONS & CO.

## FOLK WE TOUGH IN PASSING

### MATERNAL JEALOUSY.

By JULIA CHANDLER MANZ.

(Copyright, 1914.)

Author's Note—I want to sincerely thank my many readers who have evinced their keen interest in these sketches of the folk we meet along the way by submitting requests for subjects to be touched. The allegory today is in response to seven separate requests—all in a single week—a remarkable coincidence, indeed!

The Mother said that The Only Son was the apple of her eye; that she would give her living heart, if need be, for his happiness. But when that happiness meant another woman holding first place in the life of the boy—well, that was another story!

"I suppose there is no objection to my mother living with us?" questioned The Only Son a bit nervously as he sat alone with The Girl in the winter twilight the day after their wedding invitations had been mailed.

Whereupon The Girl cringed as though some one had struck her a blow in the face, but she made no answer.

"You see, it's a bit rough on mother—my getting married. Somehow, she had the idea that I never would. I'm her only dependence, you know, and I suppose you have understood all along that I could do no less than provide a home for her always," he went on to offer his belated explanation.

And still The Girl was silent.

When her engagement to The Only Son had been announced The Mother had called under protest. Rumors that she bitterly opposed the marriage of her only boy found their way to The Girl's ears, but even so she had hardly been prepared for the older woman's air of condescension; her cruel aloofness, and open antagonism.

And when she was alone The Girl was perfectly certain that in the eyes of The Mother no woman had ever been born who was good enough to marry her



And sobbed aloud that she had lost him, lost him.

son, or who would have the power to break down that maternal selfishness that considered her own monopoly of The Only Son's life before his personal happiness.

Weeks of doubt and dread and unhappiness followed for The Girl. She was afraid to marry The Only Son because of The Mother. She had been afraid even when she had believed that they would not live under the same roof, and now—

"My father has always told me that there is no house big enough to shelter two families in peace and happiness"—at last The Girl spoke.

"But my mother!" cried The Only Son. "You do not know my mother. Why, we've been pals all our life. Come now, little girl, she'll love you to death when she comes really to know you."

Whereupon The Girl, thinking of the wedding invitations already in the homes of her friends, gave her sweetheart a tender pat in appreciation of his loyalty, and hid from him the grave concern for her own happiness that gnawed at her sensitive young heart.

Their honeymoon had been so happy that The Girl had forgotten to be afraid, until one day The Only Son suggested that they go home a day earlier than expected and surprise the "mater."

Whereupon The Girl felt the heart of her shrivel, but agreed, nevertheless, to the wish of the man she loved.

So it came about that, unannounced, at an early morning hour The Only Son took his young bride to the home he had prepared for her, and ushered her into the presence of The Mother.

Ignoring the troubled, uncertain little figure that stood on the threshold, The Mother rushed into the arms of her boy, and sobbed aloud that she had lost him, lost him!

The Girl slipped from her place in the doorway, and when The Only Son found her she crouched in the corner of the hall, her face pinched and white with the suffering of her reception—the joy of her beautiful wedding already a thing gone forever.

In the home which The Only Son had provided for his young wife two rooms were hers. The Mother carried the keys, and, as always before, ordered and regulated the affairs of her boy. She never came voluntarily into the rooms occupied by The Girl. She never asked the young wife to join her in any part of the house.

So it was that in less than a month The Girl who had been beloved and free in the home of her father became a veritable prisoner in her own house. Through the day hours she did not venture from her rooms because of the jealous, critical eyes that followed her every movement, and through many an evening she still sat alone listening to the mumbled conference which was an almost daily occurrence between The Mother and The Only Son.

That she was dissected by the woman who hated her before the eyes of the man she loved she very well knew. That her every action was criticised, ridiculed, or adroitly twisted into false motive she was not left to doubt, for frequently she caught the questioning eyes of her husband in reproach upon her.

Although he made no comment The Girl knew that a terrible, impossible barrier was being erected between her and The Only Son, and the pitiable part of it was that she could not cry out to him in her anguish; could not clear the stagnating atmosphere which The Mother had created, because the inherent honor of her forbade her to utter a word against the woman who had borne the man she loved.

So, with a telling insinuation here, a cutting criticism there, a small misrepresentation yonder, The Mother eventually so poisoned the love of The Only Son for The Girl that the young wife "folded her tents, like the Arabs, and as quietly stole away."

And through the years that have since passed the woman whose not uncommon selfishness and jealousy wrecked the life of the one nearest and dearest to her, as well as the sensitive girl he had sworn to love and protect, is called by the world "a devoted mother and noble example of womanhood!"

## FAMOUS WOMAN, HER BIRTHDAY AND YOURS

By MARY MARSHALL.

January 15—Abby Kelley Foster.

"A Judith here, turned Quakeress, sits Abby in her modest dress. No nobler gift of heart or brain. No life more white from spot or stain. Was ere on Freedom's altar laid 'Than here—the simple Quaker maid.'"

That is what the poet John R. Rice, Lowell thought of Abby Kelley Foster, Quaker reformer, who was born on January 15, 1811.

She was descended from a long line of Irish Quakers and she was educated in Friends' schools in Providence, Rhode Island, her native town.

She became a teacher, but decided to become a lecturer against the slavery and in spite of ridicule from press and pulpit she carried out her decision. These lectures and her meeting with the foremost thinkers of her time made her interested in woman's suffrage and prohibition.

Her husband also believed in woman's suffrage, and as she couldn't vote they refused to pay taxes on the house they jointly owned. It was sold because of taxes unpaid several times, but friends bought it in for them, and as it was the only piece of the matter that bothered Mr. Foster and his wife, they bought the house back from their friends.

In 1835, when she was twenty-seven years old, she was made a member of the business committee of the American Antislavery Society. Her last public work was an endeavor to raise money to pay for the expenses of curing the adoption of the fifteenth amendment in doubtful states.

(Copyright, 1914.)

### DAILY SHORT STORY.

ROSALIND JUNIOR.

By ELSA FREELAND.

Fraser stood it just as long as he could, as long as any normal person could with any humanitarian instincts whatsoever. Then he grabbed his hat and started out grimly to find the guardian of the child.

He had tried to concentrate on his work for the past hour. His room was at the rear of the first floor, the back parlor of an old-fashioned brownstone residence. Outside, the view took in rows of back yards, fences, clothes lines, and numerous fire escapes.

It was from one of the latter, three stories up, that the cries emanated—cries, nay, shrieks of protest. Fraser flung up one of his windows and leaned on hands planted on the sill, his eyes searching the adjacent firmament for the source of the yell. All he could see was an umbrella placed on a fire escape at the aforesaid elevation, and he could dimly discern beneath the umbrella a shape akin to that of a papoose.

Finally, to cap the climax, while he gazed a young woman came to the window at the fire escape, pulled the bundle, turned it over, adjusted the umbrella and went away again. And this she had done at intervals, but the baby cried after a few moments of peace. Therefore Fraser decided it was distinctly up to him to see that the peace of the neighborhood was kept undisturbed, and one mother warned that thinking people would not stand such tactics.

He found the vestibule of the apartment house which owned that particular fire escape. He was loaded with mathematical exactitude and pressed the right button. The name was Chalmers. Up the stairs he went with firm and unflinching step, and faced the door. It opened at his ring. Yes, it was the same young woman, too, only she appeared younger some way. Her hair was rumpled and she wore a large apron. A large apron was amazingly good to look upon at short range.

"How do you do?" began Fraser somewhat vaguely for a man with a mission in life. "The baby is—er—crying."

"She's teething."

"It is a ridiculous superstition to say such a thing. Babies, healthy, normal babies, never object to teething. My dear madam, I have listened to that sound for the past hour—"

"I'm so sorry," she interrupted feelingly and almost remorsefully. "I was awfully busy and, you see, Elizabeth—that's my sister—told me she must be left out in the fresh air and not to mind if she cried because small children always cry a little bit, and it's good for them. It exercises their lungs."

"Do you mind if I come in just for a moment?" said Fraser eagerly. "I assure you I'm not a book agent, but I am very, very much interested in your care and feeding and rearing of children. In fact, I have been ordered to write a series of articles for a magazine on the subject—"

"Isn't that lovely!" Her face fairly glowed with quick appreciation. "Do please come in. I'll show you while I get the baby. She is rather whooping it up a bit, isn't she?"

Fraser took a seat on the davenport in the living room and waited. It really seemed to be a very nice apartment and furnished in very good taste. He felt his wave of indignation subside. By the time the young woman had returned with the baby, he was looking at it appreciatively. Evidently it was about six months old, a plump, healthy-looking kiddie with large, bright blue eyes and a provocative mouth.

"Isn't she a darling? She's really got so much individuality, you know. She resents being alone out there. I don't blame her a bit. Bless my angel! Auntie's love lamb, disturbing all my neighborhood with her crying."

"What's her name?" asked Fraser cautiously.

"Rosalind—the same as mine."

"Rosalind, Junior, the gentleman from Avon who wrote once upon a time of a lady called Rosalind also said 'Do please come in. I'll show you while I get the baby. She is rather whooping it up a bit, isn't she?'"

"Aren't they really wonderful people?" began Fraser again interestedly. "You know, by Jove, I'm writing 'em up. I haven't, however, studied them closely at all. One is apt to rely too much on scientific data, I'm afraid, instead of getting at the subject from the heart, you know."

"You're not married, are you?" with just the hint of a mischievous uplift of her lashes.

"Not yet, thoughtfully. I'm subject to procrastination, though, perfectly nonpartisan. But I have made quite a study of child culture. You know, I believe absolutely in promoting individuality in marriage. I don't believe at all in this Freud business, or even the ordinary household method where the children are treated as little automatons, merely there on sufferance. Children are royal guests."

"At the baby playacting?" "Little royal guests of life at large."

"But you don't like them on fire escapes?"

He looked at her with appreciation, realizing that she did have a sense of humor and had rather got him there. "It's the concrete that rattles us, isn't it?" he began, when a key was turned in the outer door and some sixth sense told him the baby's mother was

## Make Delicious Hot Bread and Rolls

Quickly and Easily

## THE UNIVERSAL BREAD MAKER

mixes and kneads bread thoroughly in Three Minutes. The hands do not touch the dough.

Price \$2.25

Dulin and Martin Co. 1215 F St. 1214-18 & St.

Winter Trips and Cruises